

# TOC H JOURNAL

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## SUPPLEMENT

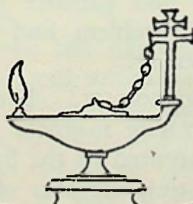
ORANGES AND LEMONS: A CHRISTMAS LAPSE IN SEVEN LAPS—  
44 pages, with 4 Plates and special cover.



THUS ENDS OUR TWELFTH VOLUME  
*an Index to which will appear in January, 1935*

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 11



## 'VENEZ A MOI'

The following message from TUBBY, written on board ship, is intended specially for the Birthday Festival at Leicester on December 8-9, at which the new Lamps will be lit. But it obviously deserves to reach the whole membership of Toc H.

When Edmund Street died upon the Somme, his sister sent £10 to Poperinghe. The cheque she sent was forwarded from the Old House to Second Army Headquarters at Cassel, to start the Ordination Fund for Service Candidates, into which ultimately £437,000 was paid. A little picture called 'Venez à Moi' ("Come unto Me") representing villagers, young and old, at their Communion, was purchased at St. Omer, as a personal memorial to him, and hangs now once again in Talbot House.—T.

HITHERTO we have done little more than assure ourselves that Toc H does contain a genuine light. It is a light which is intensely human; it is a mortal flame, fed first by men's true sacrifice, tended by men's true thoughts, subject for maintenance to men's true energies. Disheartenment will dim the flame, lit to be steadfast for the generations. Neglect among a number will extinguish it. It is a human light, though it is sacred.

In the Apocalypse, the contrast is clear between the candlesticks of the fraternities, and Christ who deigns to walk among their lights on earth, being Himself the bright and morning star. Where He must blame and warn, He opens with a sentence which acknowledges their virtues. He seems to see their best immediately. He neither stints His praise, nor does he minimise His condemnation of their sins and failures. So, like the very light of day itself, He broods upon their miniature endeavour to counteract the darkness they are set down to try to penetrate.

Toc H is not the Church, nor any Church: it is not half so holy, half so wise, nor half so dowered with Christ's most supreme presence. It is an instrument in slow formation, brittle and full of faults, more than imperfect. Its worst is unbelievably grotesque, its best is not so bad. Its norm is hopeful, but hope can spring from folly frequently. Yet it is plain that God does not disdain sometimes to use Toc H for His high purposes. A bad workman will complain of his tools, but the past master of fine handiwork delights to prove his powers of perfection, by taking in his hand and to his purpose a common jack-knife, even if it is blunted. "See, with this tool I can accomplish it."

May we conjecture that Almighty God hangs great weights on odd wires, for such a reason? A weight in truth now hangs upon Toc H, and with each month the dangers round it deepen, responsibilities augment out of all ratio to the life within, ground won too readily can scarce be held, the next step is without consideration. Wisdom and prayer and patience and decision are not too much encouraged; it is vital to let the problem find itself transported to rest where Christ's hand is outstretched to rectify.

Who is sufficient for Toc H to-morrow? Even to-day the nets are well-nigh broken. Men come and go. Nothing magnetic holds them. Strangers built up Toc H, but they were strangers captured by the Spirit. Reflect upon the difference in proportion between the whole-time servants of Toc H in 1917 and 1934. In 1917 it took seventeen full-time men to staff old Talbot House, and they were

busy. To-day some sixty highly harassed persons have fourteen hundred units to maintain; while shoals of Branches have no man to help them, far less to get to know their leaders solidly. Growth without staff would bring Toc H to ruin.

Now, when we see a light shining in the darkness, our eyes are in the first place the recipients of the one fact that something has been lit. As we draw near to it, we get accustomed. Then we begin to do two things in turn. The first is to find out whence the light springs; the second to learn what we can see, not only *of* the light, but *by* the light. Light is intended to make something visible, perhaps more things than one; for Toc H has its facets for many types of guests and bystanders. But one thing is enough for one old padre's eyes, less quick than they once were. Therefore, when I see Light and seek to trace its human source, I find a boat-shaped lamp bearing a Double Cross. I trace it back in memory to a day in the spring of 1922, when two old friends stood in a Bristol office, continuing a solid conversation while waiting at the counter for an interview. Behind that episode, I see another—a floating wick vibrant within a small glass bowl, suspended from the rafters of a Flanders hoploft below a broken Figure looking downwards. That's Light for me. What do I now see by it?

I used to see the faces of my friends. To-day I'm seeing very different faces—lepers among them, oddly mixed with children, faces of hungry men, the spinal ward at Roehampton. But chiefly, now, I see the membership as it has come to be. A few I know, but all the rest are beyond me utterly. What can I do, with a few years ahead?

#### Our Inheritance

I can do next to nothing to assist them. That truth is plain. But may I state one thing, seen by the Light? It is absurdly simple; it needs no dressing up in forms of speech. It is just this, and nothing more than this. Let it be my word at the Leicester Festival—and beyond.

Our joint inheritance in Talbot House was built for us by men who were not diffident to be regarded as the sons thereof. In the early days there were no members, no Compass points to sign, and no subscriptions. Men became sons by worship, work and worth, by friendship and by trusteeship for their fellows. Men gave themselves, not to a neat society, the confines of its membership precise. They wore no ties, no badges of Toc H behaviour; but somewhere in their kit or round their necks, they had a crucifix of humble casting, threaded for them by children in a slum; they also had a postcard of the Chapel. These two Tokens summed up in themselves the central truth that in that quiet room their sonship had been ratified. "My son, give Me thy heart," and it was so; though many had a long way to come Home.

A fragment of those men, who felt like this towards an Old White House, built Toc H with infinite fidelity, and summoned those who have now summoned you. Gentlemen of the current generation, the men who did this are not now too numerous, nor do they wish to occupy your time. But they would ask you—for indeed I know them—to put aside the thought that membership is in itself an all-sufficient term. Will you be sons of Talbot House—no less? "Debtors,

persuaded, ready, not ashamed": these are Paul's Four Points; we cannot better them. Will you make up the habit of your mind to live for this peculiar family, to be yourselves the partners of its destiny, to think, act, pray and struggle for its future? Answer that question at the Festival.

To whom? *Venez à moi*. The picture, Edmund Street's memorial, hangs on the buttress south of the Carpenter's Bench. All ages, all conditions, village people are there shown at their Festival, beholding and receiving at Christ's hands. "Come unto Me! The Elder Brethren came, and found within their torture, I was true. Come unto Me! With all your dreams and purposes. Don't give them up, but lift them up to Light. Yes, and they shall come true, if you are true. Come, you who find your hours intolerable, your future blank, your work all drudgery. Come unto Me! Racked with incalculable overstrain, I met the worst of storms with head unbowed. Come unto Me; you have begun to learn and I will teach you step by step the way to hold the highest in your character. Debtors! To live the life of joyful obligation. Persuaded! To persuade your minds and others to hold the balance fairly. Ready! To be equipped as a free servant of your neighbour's needs. Never to be ashamed! Your quiet witness, a resolute, not eloquent disciple. Come unto Me, my true sons in Toc H. Brothers can build, where membership will falter; and sonship—nothing less—can make men brothers. *Venez à moi*. Your Festival means this."

TUBBY.

## THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

*Written by PAT LEONARD for the December number of The Link of Toc H Australia.*

A USTRALIA gave Toc H its Chain of Light. It is Australia's gift to Toc H the World, and units of the Family everywhere thankfully remember this fact year by year as the birthday of Talbot House comes round. It is something for which the whole Family is intensely grateful, because it helps our imagination not only to grasp the growing size of our Family, but to appreciate our essential one-ness.

To the coldly critical mind there may seem little point in making a fuss once a year over something which is continually happening. Day by day, and hour by hour, men stand to their Lamps and their Rushlights so that from one year's end to another there is a constant chain of tiny lights encircling the globe. Why then single out one twenty-four hours and give this nightly occurrence the dignity of capitals—The World Chain of Light? Well, why?

Most of us know the answer, even if we find it difficult to put into words. If we mention the word 'sentiment,' we are afraid of being called sentimental. Yet true sentiment is as noble as it is necessary if the human race is to escape complete mechanisation and grow to the fulness of the stature of Love Incarnate. We talk about 'our furthest kindred in Toc H,' we use that lovely phrase about being bound 'across the world by the unseen chain of God's love,' we like to think of Toc H as a world-wide Family—a working Family whose members are all employed in God's factories, busy making the love and joy and peace that shall win the world's markets and the world's heart, despite the competition of the devil's shoddy wares. Let us then by all means eschew sentimentality, but let sentiment have

its proper place. And sentiment both demands and approves that we should seek to realise afresh our unity of kinship and of purpose by giving a special significance for one day in the year to our Ceremony of Light, and by sharing in that ceremony with special intention towards the rest of the Family the wide world o'er.

This year we are a more united Family than ever before, by reason of certain constitutional changes, and by reason too of new and living links of friendship and affection. Indeed for the first time we are in name and in fact ONE Family. There will, therefore, be a very special meaning in this year's Chain of Light, and lamps the whole world o'er will burn the brighter in loving greeting to Australia. And as you stand to on December the 12th to welcome, confirm, and speed upon its way the travelling Chain of Light—think whence it comes, and whither it travels. Think of your brothers meeting in their log hut at Fort Vermilion on the edge of the Canadian Arctic—think of Toc H in Tokyo, and the China ports; of a lonely member keeping watch in Ascension Island adrift in the South Atlantic; of the constellation of Lights in Southern Africa, where “the only thing that can reconcile the British and the Dutch is Toc H”; of Toc H along the Equator—Malaya, Ceylon, Kenya, Gold Coast, and Nigeria; of Toc H in South America; of Toc H keeping guard at Peshawar on the Frontier, and in thirty other centres on the hills and plains of India. Think too of the Lights in cabins and in fo'c'sles sailing the Seven Seas, and not least the lonely light in the Schooner *Penola* en route for Grahamaland and the cold Antarctic. Think of Haifa and Hong Kong, of Khartoum and Kimberley, Naples and New Zealand, Antwerp, Abadan, and Antigua, Jamaica and Jerusalem. Think, my cobbers, of Mildenhall and Melbourne, three days apart by ‘Comet,’ but all within the sweep of the Father’s love and of the power of the Holy Spirit to build out of human love and loyalty a Light to lighten the nations, and to guide men’s feet into the way of peace. PAT.

### THE L.W.H. FESTIVAL

SOME Toc H members who have not forgotten the thrill of their own Birthday Festival in 1925, the first to be held in the Royal Albert Hall, were able to recapture it at the first L.W.H. Festival held in that enormous ‘family circle’ on Saturday night, October 27. Nine years ago, when we found, to our astonishment and delight, that Toc H could easily fill the largest hall in England, we welcomed the presence of some hundreds of L.W.H. guests: in 1934 the tables were pleasantly turned when the women played hostess to a good many men. The time is now past when even the great space of the Albert Hall will allow us to invite more than a tiny delegation from L.W.H., and the time may very soon come when L.W.H. will have to restrict its male guests there just as stringently. Nothing

could indicate more graphically the growth of the membership of our two societies.

The Festival opened, at 5.30 in the afternoon, with a Service of Thanksgiving and Rededication. The Albert Hall was not built for a church—though many remarkable religious meetings have been held there—but, once the service began, the ‘atmosphere’ of the Hall was one of joyful worship. The form of service, beautifully printed, contained some noble new additions to the liturgy of our Family—a set of meditations and petitions, spoken aloud by the seated audience, in response to the Beatitudes, read by the Padre (Neville Talbot), and a series of seven short lessons (read by Harry Willink) from the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John, to which the audience responded aloud with the phrases of the *Toc H Prayer*.

The whole service was splendidly 'congregational'—which a Birthday Thanksgiving ought to be.

Two hours later, after a crowded and merry 'picnic' supper on the premises, the evening programme began. Douglas Hopkins, backed by the Port of London Male Voice Choir, 'warmed it up' with community singing and then Neville Talbot spoke. After him, music led to the interval. The central figure of the second half was the Patroness of L.W.H., H.R.H. the Duchess of York. The long procession of old Lamps, Rushlights and Banners had passed up the Hall and filled the orchestra tiers with colour, when the Patroness came in to face a tumultuous welcome. Miss Macfie expressed everyone's feelings when she thanked her for her "unfailing" help, and the response of the audience was tremendous to the following cable (from mid-ocean) sent by Tubby: "*Loyal gratitude (to) Patroness from Emmas, Southern Africa. At (the) Lamplighting and All Hallows, Old Talbot House thanks God for Talbot Housemaids. Cheer Duchess!*" "So," ended 'Mac,' "Talbot Housemaids—let's cheer Duchess." Which they did.

The Patroness spoke most simply and charmingly in reply:—

"I am so glad to see so many here. When I think of our small beginnings it seems almost incredible. To-night sees a great gathering of the League of Women Helpers—a great coming together of the family of Toc H, and the size of this meeting alone must awaken each member to what the family stands for. I have been reading in *The Log* of the many active things done, not only at home but in far away places and I should like to emphasise the progress in South Africa, New Zealand and Australia. I should like you to know that there are two Lamps from New Zealand, one from South Africa and one from Canada to be lit to-night."

"A scheme is likely to be started in the distressed Tyneside area about which we shall hear more to-morrow. I hope you will give it your support.

"As I read of little Groups attacking whatever comes to their hand I am reminded of a Chinese proverb: "Finding the great in the small and the many in the few." Effecting difficult things and managing great things from their beginning—this is the method of the family. Some one has well said that the essence of Toc H is the spreading of a spirit. If this is so we look to a meeting such as ours to set it going from Branch to Group and from Group to member: in the end it is the individual that counts. I should like to-night, as your Patroness, to wish you all God-speed in your efforts to spread the spirit of Toc H far and wide."

Then she seated herself to light the new Lamps, twenty-nine in number, according to the time-honoured ritual which we use in Toc H. 'The Gen' fulfilled his old duty of bringing in the Prince's Lamp in a slow march, to be the source of light for the new Lamps. Then darkness over the Hall, with everyone standing, while the Patroness, standing in a glimmering arena of little golden flames, spoke the words of "Light." Owen Watkins took homegoing Prayers.

Sunday was a very busy day, as at Toc H Festivals. Celebrations of Communion in the early morning were followed, at noon, by a fine Festival "preachment" by Padre John Palmer. In the afternoon the drill-hall of the London Rifle Brigade, scene of some historic Toc H gatherings, was crowded with an audience of a couple of thousand. There were talks by several speakers, notably Dame Beatrice Lyall, Owen Watkins and Monica Hill. The last-named threw out a bold challenge to a big job of constructive work to be undertaken by L.W.H. corporately on Tyneside. A full-time worker for three, or possibly five, years is to be appointed and supported: her field is to be the desperately depressed town of Felling-on-Tyne. The whole Festival had been abundantly worth while, but if it leads to the realisation of this scheme it will prove a real landmark in the progress of L.W.H.\*

\* Those wishing for details of this scheme, or to become one of the "Friends of Felling," should apply to L.W.H., 28, Great Tower Street, E.C.3, which publishes a folder about it.

## A HARRY ELLISON MEMORIAL

**A**N appeal has just been issued, signed by Sutherland Grahame (Chairman of our Central Executive), Peter Monie (Hon. Administrator), Owen Watkins (Administrative Padre) and Pat Leonard (Hon. Chief Overseas Commissioner), which is going to every unit Overseas and which will find its way—and surely its response—among the Areas at home. It runs as follows:—

"It is believed that many who loved and admired 'Uncle Harry,' and who lost a true friend when he died, as well as those who appreciate the great and enduring quality of the work he did as Builder and Ambassador of Toc H, will respond gladly to the opportunity of expressing their love and gratitude in some tangible form of memorial. This is not the occasion for an obituary notice, but it is worthy of remembrance and of record that Uncle Harry's service to Toc H, which began in 1922 as London's first whole-time Secretary, was given freely from first to last as a labour of love, without recompense and without reward. So, too, his missionary journeys to Canada and to South Africa were undertaken at his own charges, and the Overseas Office, which came into being solely as the result of his vision and persistence, was from the start largely financed out of his own pocket. Tubby stated no more than the sober truth when he wrote of Uncle Harry: 'Toc H South Africa is his by history, by constant sacrifice, by ceaseless labour, by love, by prayer, by instinct, and by right. More than this, his love pervaded Toc H round the map, building it to the full height of endeavour. And in all this he took that quiet place which never raised a doubt or jealousy. He drove his team of Overseas' Commissioners in a way no one else could hope to imitate, prompting them by example and by esteem.'

"Though his work was largely in South Africa he belonged essentially to Toc H the World. It has, therefore, been decided to open a fund to create a Toc H Chaplaincy bearing his name, to be used

for the building and maintaining of Toc H Overseas. To undergird and develop in this way the cause Uncle Harry loved, would be much nearer to his own desires than an elaborate memorial in stone or brass.

"The bulk of the money subscribed will be used to provide a living agent to reflect his spirit, and to implement his hopes for Toc H Overseas. A small proportion will be devoted to the erection of a simple form of memorial in All Hallows Church. It is our confident belief that if the Chaplaincy can be now established and assured for the next few critical years, the consolidation of Toc H Overseas will be set forward and the Chaplaincy bearing Harry Ellison's name will become a permanent memorial to one whom the Founder Padre has called his day-by-day best friend and closest fellow servant."

The appeal emphasizes the fact that, though South Africa was 'Uncle Harry's' first love, in Toc H his 'parish,' like John Wesley's, was The World. And so this proposed chaplaincy is not tied to any country nor to any particular Christian denomination. The right man for the right place at the right moment will be chosen as ambassador in Uncle Harry's name. A true movement requires mobile men and money, and this fund aims at providing both.

A tiny point in the appeal ought to catch the eye. The wording runs: "I enclose cheque/P.O./*Stamps* as a Donation . . ." The word "Stamps" implies, surely, that the very smallest contribution will be welcomed, where no more is possible. Many of us have far too little money to express our affection for Uncle Harry in due proportion, but something at least we can give towards it. Would it not be possible for some members to organise a local collection in stamps and small amounts among their fellow-members? Many of us would willingly hand thus to someone on the spot the mite which we would be shy of sending direct to the Harry Ellison Fund at the Overseas Office, 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3.

## TOC H TRAVELLERS' TALES

### With Tubby in Southern Africa—V.

S.S. *British Premier*.  
October, 16, 1934.

I MEANT to get a long screed off to you about our last month in South Africa, before we left its shores, but time was short and we were pretty well on the move.

During that month of September we put in about 3,000 miles by train out of a total mileage in four months of 7,275; a mere dot in the ocean compared to Owen's colossal figures; but you get, after a bit, into an automatic habit of waking in the middle of the night and expecting a jerk or a whistle. The first few nights on board ship I was quite surprised to find there was no shunting—a speciality of South African Railways, reserved exclusively for the hours of 2 to 4 a.m.

September 6 was our date for leaving CAPE TOWN and making East for the town of OUDTSHOORN; my chief impressions of this place are that it was very hot and red and dry and raw; while a few rather desiccated ostriches here and there pecked away with evident satisfaction at very dry ground. Though ostrich feathers are no longer fashionable, OUDTSHOORN—which used to be the great centre for them—has adopted a policy of "never-say-die," and exploits as its chief attraction the Cango Caves—a series of caves on the Cheddar model, lighted very elaborately and shewn to the public by a guide with equally elaborate jokes. Tubby spent large parts of his time sitting on a very slimy rock covered by a very inadequate handkerchief, reading Bunyan; the rest of the crowd felt a little indignant that he wouldn't look at stalactites with appreciation, but we got out into the clear light of day with some relief after two hours.

Toc H here is in embryo—that is why Geoff sent us there, and I should think it was our smallest meeting—about 30 men; at PORT ELIZABETH, where we next pursued our course, Toc H has had a considerable career and has just split and formed another unit. It reminded one rather forcibly of Hythe—a small seaside town just off the beaten track;

but there could be no doubt of their keenness and one of the most unusual things in the world happened: a reporter was actually converted to Toc H by Tubby's visit; the only other case I know in South Africa is that of Eric Tucker, one of the real pillars of Toc H and Editor of the *Compass*, who found himself forced to listen with more than a reporter's callousness at Kimberley to Uncle Harry on his first journey.

Objects of interest in PORT ELIZABETH are a pyramid—not quite so large as those in Egypt, being only about 20 ft. high—a rather unusual and pathetic memorial by an early governor to his young wife "one of the most perfect of mortals"; a tall, dull, square brick tower about the height of the Nelson Column, containing a carillon which no one can ring; and an institution, which afforded Tubby a good deal of delight, called the "Athenaeum." The Athenaeum is a club for "young men"; and as such Tubby early had his eye on it; but its chief characteristics were a billiard room containing about six men over forty, a great many photos of gymnasts in the seventies with walrus moustaches, and the Headquarters room of a defunct Naturalists' Association, sublet to a moribund Society of Atheists. Even Tubby's energies failed to unlock the mysteries of the governing body of the Athenaeum; and, when he mentioned the possibility of Toc H occupying a room within, the managing committee remained aghast at such a revolutionary idea.

So the strongholds of P.E. remained unpierced, save that a real brick, who would blush to see his name in print, has undertaken to raise money to the tune of £150 a year as a contribution to the income of Toc H South Africa and its staff.

The next place calling for our attention was GRAHAMSTOWN; as its name immediately makes obvious to anyone in my position, it is beyond reproach; and in actual fact I got 20 per cent. off the price of a pair of trousers I bought there, on the strength of my name. And Grahamstown Toc H was great fun too;

there can be no doubt of that: it had got a really sound lot of men, and they hadn't forgotten their sense of humour; it is full of schools which were duly addressed and contains one full-blown University, which also had its information in very tabloid form; and a Theological College which had three good hours of Tubby's very best. The opportunities here cry aloud; from all over the thousands and thousands of miles of South Africa and beyond, boys and men pour into this tiny town; Toc H stands there, healthy but without the time: in few places is the need for a whole-timer more glaringly obvious.

Very jolly days they were in GRAHAMSTOWN; plenty of green grass and hedges and sun; but I ought of course to be telling you about meetings: the only thing that springs to my mind is a Festival Service in which we sang three four-line verses to the *Londonderry Air* —a tune that rather obviously requires eight lines—and even the lines were about the length of "Now the day is over"; the result was a very remarkable musical feat, worthy of mention if ever Barkis brings out a supplement to "*Artifex*".

From Grahamstown we made a beeline for CRADOCK; when I say a beeline, I went by way of four junctions, two sidings, and a turn-table through the long night watches, while Tubby pursued the even tenor of his way next day over 120 miles of potholes punctuated by roughly sixty gates. A real lesson in airmindedness. But it was well worth it: Cradock should be written in letters of pure gold and emblazoned with gules and argent, in any account of Toc H South Africa. They are the liveliest crowd we saw; fifty per cent. Afrikaans-speaking, full of energy, new ideas and wisdom; really at the centre of the town, known and loved by everyone and spreading out to the farms and lonely stations in the Karroo which surrounds it. They produced the only three months planned programme we saw at all; the interest of senior citizens was real—unfeigned because there was no need to feign; and the Padre of the Dutch Reformed Church — built, incidentally on the plan of St. Martin-in-the-Fields—is right in and took prayers at one

meeting in Afrikaans. From Cradock we proceeded to a weekend conference at KINGWILLIAMSTOWN—a city which brought forth a scurrilous rhyme from Tubby's pen—and finally to East London. At 'King'—the irreverent abbreviation of our rallying place—the sudden advent of rain spoilt the prospects of an open-air Sunday conference; instead we met in a science classroom of Dale College (the only school, by the way, to have a unit running inside it in South Africa). Tubby spoke to us here; retorts and gas jets were therefore confined to the shelves behind him instead of emanating from the benches in front.

At EAST LONDON, about an hour after arrival, Tubby put the Branch through a questionnaire about jobs, that would cause many a unit to quiver in its shoes and do them a power of good; he then brought his tongue to play on the L.W.H., who being better either at jobmastery or at deception, came off a good deal better. He left behind him a fairly battered mass of humanity and proceeded to the Town Hall to address a very sparse audience in an enormous hall with galleries, — an audience collected, so it appeared, by a very striking poster displayed outside telling the world that The Rev. P. B. Clayton would be talking there TONIGHT; to our certain knowledge it stayed up for five days, so we drew consolation by multiplying our audience by five and imagining the surging crowds being driven away night after night.

Then the farewell visits to the three big cities—DURBAN, first, where Mr. MacKeurtan, an eminent K.C. had gallantly raised a considerable sum during Tubby's tour for provision of staff; where there is now real hope for solid future. Then JOHANNESBURG, where Geoff Martin was already ensconced in his new office, smelling (the office, not G.M.) strongly of distemper and furniture polish; a change of atmosphere since we last came that way; not from despair to hope (for Johannesburg was always lively) but from the sense of struggle and lack of future plans to a confidence and expectancy, resulting from stable finance and staff in the choosing.

Somewhere there, though at this distance away the perspective is not true, lies the really great work Tubby has done in South Africa; there are many other aspects too; there is hardly a newspaper in the country that has not had a contribution from his pen, written with great care and labour when meetings and interviews kept him at very high pressure. And this information of the public was one of the burning necessities of S.A. where no one knew because they had never been told. These long articles, written with his own pen may be seen to have played an enormous part in the building of Toc H; and South Africa is already grateful and responsive.

A long express railway journey to that most beautiful Cape, a happy farewell dinner and cinema show, and then our embarkation on this noble ship, where sleep is to be had in large quantities and food and deck tennis and sea and sunsets and yarns and oil and general contentment.

I'm sorry again this is late; but it will be preceded by Toc H Southern Africa in the flesh—in the person of 'Matron' Anderson; Toc H England must get a good deal out of him; he lands on November 5 and won't be satisfied with damp squibs.

Now for more oil and the slow homeward trck.

Love,  
JOHN GRAHAM.

#### The Cradle of Toc H, S.A.

*The history of Toc H in Southern Africa began with H.V. ('BERT') OLDFIELD, a Foundation Member. He was well-known to the early membership of Mark II, and on his return to Rhodesia acted for several years as Toc H 'Correspondent' at St. Francis Mission, Selukwe. Early in 1925 KEISKAMA HOEK, whither he had moved, was recognised as a Group and in December of that year was raised to Branch status and received the Gilbert Talbot Lamp, formerly held by Farnham. The extension of Toc H in Southern Africa began with HARRY ELLISON's visit in 1926, but Keiskama Hoek held the only Lamp in the whole Continent until the end of 1927. Here is BERT OLDFIELD's own story of how he first came in touch with Toc H:—*

UP to 1912 I was a toolmaker in Birmingham and doing slum work, principally boys' clubs, in all my spare time. In May of that year we had a Missionary Mission at the Church, and to my amazement I was called to go out to the Mission Field. I went to a Working Men's Retreat at Cuddesdon, taken by Bishop Gore and Edward Paget, now Bishop of S. Rhodesia, to test the call, and came back quite assured that it was so; and so in spite of my parents' opposition I chucked my work and came out here, not having the foggiest notion of how Our Lord was going to use me. In 1915 I went home and enlisted in Birmingham in the R.A.M.C., went out to France early in 1916, and made my first visit to Pop., when the Ambulance was stationed near Remy Siding (Lissenhoek). Now I found Talbot House and the Chapel and the funny Padre and began the most wonderful time of my life. When on leave in 1917, like many others I got engaged to be married. I knew that there was no place for married lay-workers in S. Rhodesia, and was much troubled as I dearly wanted to go back again. So, like many more of us, I went to see Tubby about it, to try and help me make my decision. I found him out and left a letter in the rack for him. Two days afterwards I was returning from making a new Aid Post in Eagle Trench, Passchendaele, and came home after dawn to our main camp at Essex Farm. When I got in, my pal said: "Bert, there is a funny old parson waiting for you in the Orderly Room," from which place emanated gusts of laughter. I cleared off the thickest of the mud and went in and found Tubby entertaining the Orderly Room staff to his usual jokes. We had a long talk over things and Tubby told me to come and see him in the Chapel at Toc H as soon as I could get free. About four days afterwards I went, and found Tubby in bed with a high temperature. 'Gen' had been told by Dr. Leonard Browne not to let anyone in to see him. My need was desperate by this time and so I persuaded the Gen to let me into Tubby's room, promising not to stay for more than five minutes. Unfortunately for us both Dr. Browne came in, scolded the Gen and kicked me out of

the room. Anyway, I had got what I wanted meanwhile and decided to give up my engagement and go back to Rhodesia (D.V.) after the war. I have never regretted taking Tubby's advice and am most happy in my work here at St. Matthew's College.

I met Leonard Browne when I went home on furlough in 1927 at Mark III where he was giving a lecture on the dear Old House. He sat by me at supper and I told him of the above previous meeting, and we both were tickled to death about it.

What I should have done without Tubby's advice and help I really cannot say as my family are very much against my being a missionary on such small pay.

\* \* \*

TUBBY was able to pay a brief visit to Keiskama Hoek, and though he was too busy to write a full account of it, he sends home a few fragments, which follow.

### On the Bridge

There is a road, an earth track, very slippery after a little rain and well-nigh impossible after a few hours downpour, which runs from King William's Town to Keiskama Hoek and four miles further to St. Matthew's College.

For the first ten miles from King William's Town, the road runs through the level farm-lands, crossing the railway at Perio. It then begins to mount towards the hills and there is a turning off to Debe Nek. Just at that turning off stands the first stone erected by Toc H Keiskama Hoek to Lieut. Baillie and thirty soldiers under him of a coloured voluntary regiment who were ambushed in the valley below in 1838. Lieut. Baillie had come out as a child with the 1820 settlers and died at 25.

In 1931 the little unit of Toc H set up this stone and several others like it, each with a bronze plate inset recording his name and with a few details. On the same plate, below, appears the name of an N.C.O. who also with his men was killed near here in 1853.

The road proceeds to climb to higher hills, one of which bears the name of "Red Hill." Here a mountain stream had to be negotiated and when the present road was built in 1919

to take the place of the old military road (which runs straight, though ruined, in the valley), a keystone of the bridge which spanned the stream was brought up from the old road to the new; here it now rests with a semicircular inscription in Latin, translated into a quatrain of English:

LEGIONIS LXXXV MANU PONS STRUCTUS EST  
(*The Bridge was built by the hands of  
the 85th Regiment*)

MONS STABIT                    CRESSET ARBOR  
LABETUR AMNIS                PONS SEDEBIT  
AEDIFICATORES PEREUNT

"*The tree shall grow, the brook shall glide,  
The hill shall stand, the bridge shall bide.  
The builders like the fading ray  
Of summer sunset pass away.*"

The bridge stone dates from a far period when the whole sense that they were at last enabled to push into the high hinterland must have meant something very much like triumph to that rare thing—a British soldier poet; for see what fine store of thought and finer poetry he has here left behind him in the memorable words inscribed. The soldier poet must indeed have foreseen that Latinity was not to be expected of all, for he provides—possibly by quotation from somewhere—a haunting quatrain. I was affected by this choice discovery, and felt myself in sympathy with him. For is not Toc H, duly built, a road driven through fear towards a land of love? Does it not cross, or should it not attempt to bridge, a stream, a torrent in storm times, and take the traveller by that road to a dear man whom else he cannot see—to find him working, praying, laughing, strengthening in the old way? . . . .

### Keiskama at Last!

I'm sitting up in bed at 1.15 a.m. for this is my night off, and I was actually in bed by one. The memories of to-day crowd in upon me, and I must jot them down before the confusion of tomorrow comes upon them.

Moreover, to-day will otherwise go unrecorded by the chronicle, for John Graham is not with me at Keiskama, and his instructive pen needs must be dumb. John's absence is not due to lassitude, but rather to a Casa-

bianca sense of duty. He was determined to see as much as possible of the Eastern Province Conference, which I left at midday. John Graham made an effort to pursue, but that is twelve hours ago : in which twelve hours I have been terrified, consoled, frozen, fed, slept, re-fed, charmed, sung to, christened in the Xosa tongue; I have presented football cups,\* made friends for life, attended Even-song, supped, unveiled a tablet, talked for two hours and listened for two more, finishing up with a mild operation upon a boil upon my neck performed by a hospital sister at midnight. Then I packed, in order to be ready the next morning. Above all, I have seen the room and men, where and with whom Toc H South Africa began; and I have hugged old Bert who first began it.

#### A Vote of Thanks

*This letter was written to TUBBY afterwards by a PREFECT of the Boys' Department at St. Matthew's College. It is dated Sept. 23:—*  
MY DEAR MFUNDISI,

We were pleased to see you here. We have been told of you and your help to us.

We heartily thank you for all you have done for us through the House Master, Mr. H. Oldfield.

We thank you again for the song you taught us.

Your new Xosa name "CITINTIYO"—"Disperse Hate," is given to you for the work you have done for the whole world. The one of founding Toc H.

I am pleased with the Housemaster's idea that when we Bantu are ready and able to

\* A picture of the winning team with the "Toc H

join Toc H, it should start here at St. Matthew's.

I say Good-Bye on behalf of the students,  
Prefect DOUGLAS N. MBOPA.

#### Taking the Pilot aboard

*Here is another fragment from TUBBY:—*

I found an old man in the Eastern Province, who really understood Toc H in truth and he has done a thing worth imitation. He is now putting £50 a year into Toc H, paid through the local unit, towards a whole-time trainer for their area—the man we call a Pilot in Toc H, who is chosen from the membership itself and has their whole confidence, a man who at this stage decides to break with his ordinary cares and become a servant of Toc H—maybe for life. Such Pilots should move about the Areas, seeing that Toc H teams are built in earnest and that their men are not left in dull ignorance of what is demanded of working members.

Now this old man, having lost one dear son, sees in Toc H the way of perpetuity, whereby his son's good influence may be closely identified, as it would have been, with Toc H Southern Africa in future. Not only therefore has he now arranged to pay in £50 through the local unit, but he has left us with a sum of money sufficient to ensure that when he joins his boy again, the legacy will stand as the first asset of Toc H South Africa. He is not over-rich, it is a strain, but other children are provided for, they will not grudge, they will be proud to think that their dead brother has within Toc H his vigorous and wholesome whole-time agent.

Cup" appeared in the JOURNAL of August, 1926.

#### With Herbert Leggate in New Zealand—II.

"ISN'T Padre a low man?" The speaker was a charming young New Zealand lady, and the reference was to myself. I think I ought to say that she was but five years old and that she was paying her tribute to my stature. In quite another sense I feel "low" as I write this further account of my stewardship. As our stay in New Zealand hastens to its close the charm of the country and its people possesses us more and more. People

here who have never seen England dream of the day when they will be able to visit "Home." George Bernard Shaw recently toured these islands presenting at every calling-place his famous representation of Puck at large. At heart he is an incorrigible sentimentalist and so it pleased him to chide New Zealanders for speaking of England as "Home." His admonitions had as much effect as they merited. The England of which

the New Zealander dreams is an idealised country which is the home of everything of which their lives are starved. The best of the dreamers give expression to the virtues and graces which gather round the land of their dreams. When the stuff of which the pioneers were made is thus enriched it results in lives of rare and appealing quality. Again and again in contact with members of the family here I have recaptured an oft-recurring thrill of the days of war. I have been overwhelmed by the joyous, heady wonder of blokes as blokes.

New Zealand Toc H has now got its own constitution. I put this statement in for the sake of people on this side of the world. It is working so smoothly that the membership as a whole is unconscious of its presence. Organisation, as its purpose is, has made for harmony.

On November 24 and 25 we are to hold our first Dominion Festival. It is going to be a great meeting of the clans. They are foregathering at WELLINGTON from the far north and the far south. At this Festival we shall take our leave of our New Zealand Patron, His Excellency Lord Bledisloe. His departure will be a great loss to us. His faith in Toc H has done much to deepen the quality of the family life.

#### Some Difficulties

We have the usual difficulty out here in finding padres for our units; but this at least can be said; almost without exception those who are serving are thoroughly keen and tremendously valuable. Considering that laymen are the only stuff out of which padres can be made, has it ever struck you how many good padres there are?

Many of our units are in small townships. The members see each other constantly; they meet on most committees; they have the measure of each other. This makes the programme for the Toc H group a problem. The "Cricket Game" published recently in the JOURNAL has been used with advantage by some Groups. It was a new experience and stimulated a desire for knowledge concerning Toc H. I feel that more ought to be done than this. It is difficult in England to realise

how cut off New Zealand is from the world. Its newspapers are amazingly good but, almost inevitably, the majority of people are bounded in their thinking by their immediate neighbourhood or, at most, by the Dominion itself. Men in Toc H are hungry for information about world trends and world movements. The student class can get information but somehow or other the non-student class must be helped. I have no suggestion to offer at present unless it be a more frequent use of questionnaires in the JOURNAL. There is a keen appetite for instruction in the purpose and method of Toc H.

#### Hard Work in Auckland

I have completed a stay of eleven weeks in AUCKLAND. Each Monday I have met all who cared to come to a cafe for an evening meal. After the meal I have talked about the job and the method. The attendance only once fell below thirty. One night when it had been announced that I was to speak about Toc H finance, over fifty were present. I am now in CHRISTCHURCH and the experience is being repeated here.

When we arrived at AUCKLAND it seemed as though the days would be a little less strenuous than they had been hitherto. The Regional team had planned to use me with the least possible expenditure of energy. I saw myself enjoying one or even two days rest out of seven. During the first week I became conscious of my conscience. I wondered whether I ought to stay as long as I had planned in Auckland. I need not have troubled myself about it. All that happened was that I had a few days for reading before the demands came pouring in from all sides. I addressed Optimists' clubs, Savage clubs, Rotary, Bible-classes, Youth demonstrations and schools. One wireless station invited me to give a talk on Toc H. They followed it by an invitation to give a series of talks at 9 p.m. on Sundays on "This Strange New World." I addressed meetings of clergymen and ministers. Most days I sat in the L.W.H. room from 12.30 to 2 to meet folk who wished to share their dreams or difficulties. Each Monday that time was reserved for members of the L.W.H. Most

Sundays I preached. I conducted wireless services, received deputations, learned to leave my diary at home when I went to meetings and never to book more than two appointments for the same hour. Throughout it all the Regional leaders smoothed my path and renewed my strength.

A number of men in Auckland had wondered whether Toc H would really take deep root in New Zealand. Some of these were among our most worth-while members. These "hundred per cent." New Zealanders are now convinced that Toc H fits the needs of the Dominion as no other movement can. They are thinking big and planning for the years ahead. The Branch is composed of mature men of experience. They have in the past done magnificent work for the dependants of ex-servicemen. Now they have accepted responsibility for finding leaders of youth who will be able to help the new generation to enter into the inheritance made possible for them by the releasing upon the world of vastly increased periods of leisure. Their first step has been to arrange a camp—somewhat after the style of the Duke of York's Camp in England. They have obtained the co-operation of headmasters, unemployment authorities, and employers. They have helped men of substance to see the vision. As a result, this Christmas a camp will be held at which youths of all types between the ages of 16 and 19 will meet for the first of a series of camps. There will probably only be 200 in camp this year but the number will grow. Through the camp it is expected that real contact will be made with some of the best youth material in this region.

I attended a Guest-night of a unit which meets in what we should call a "dormitory-suburb" in England. There were about a hundred present, including the headmaster of one of the leading New Zealand Grammar Schools and his prefects. (Two of these prefects have since left school and joined units of Toc H). The unit has a really good mixture. Some days later, I attended a meeting of clergy at which their padre was present. He told the story of the unit. When

they had built the family they looked around for work. There was no football club in the neighbourhood. They formed one and during the season just closed it has had several teams playing each week. The local authorities have now accepted responsibility for it, although Toc H still provides man-power. There was no boys' club. They commenced and staffed one which meets every night in the week. Local people have financed it for twelve months ahead. That unit has become the centre of community life for the whole suburb. "In fact," said the Padre, "it is no exaggeration to say that it has changed the atmosphere of the place."

#### The L.W.H.

The L.W.H. unit in Auckland is very active. Their members accept responsibility for cases of need and sometimes of delinquency. They see their cases through in a most thorough way. We had an opportunity of sharing in an L.W.H. job recently. A Toc H member from Christchurch was moved to an Air Force Depot in an outlandish spot near Auckland. His wife with a boy of two and a baby of three weeks came north to join him. They were met at Auckland by a Toc H man and members of L.W.H. and brought to our flat at 7.15 a.m. for breakfast. I nursed the baby during breakfast. The women were dubious about my ability but I improved their opinion of the domesticity of men. After breakfast, while the women were admiring the baby's clothes which had been made by Christchurch L.W.H., I found the Anglican Padre of the Branch and we adjourned to a church for the christening of the child and then saw the party off on the next stage of their journey.

During a discussion on the use of leisure one Toc H employer told of the job of one of his own men. He had to smell nine thousand empty beer bottles daily before they were placed in the washing-machine to find out whether any such undesirable materials as paraffin or dead mice had been in them. The speaker rightly felt that leisure was important in the life of a man with such a specialised job.

I have written in some detail about my stay in Auckland. Perhaps I may find time to write again shortly concerning other units.

A Branch in the South Island, some time ago, appointed a small committee to investigate the position concerning unemployed youths and young men. They enlisted the co-operation of the local unemployment officer. As a result of their report the Branch has started a club for unemployed youths and, in addition, has undertaken to provide valve wireless sets for each of the relief camps in their province. These camps are often in very isolated places and the need for wireless is great. The money and material have been donated by the public and the work is proceeding. In addition, the Toc H members are going to keep contact with camps by means of visits, concert-parties and libraries.

I should like to have written in detail about the work that is going on in schools. Since I arrived in Christchurch, I have had the opportunity of visiting school circles at

Christ's College and Christchurch Boys' High School. They are both very live circles and seem likely to provide real leadership for Toc H in the future.

The other evening, I addressed a meeting at one of the New Zealand University Colleges. The chairman, who was an ex-chaplain, a canon of the Anglican Church and a warm admirer of Toc H said, "When Toc H came to New Zealand, I, together with many others, stood aside secure in the knowledge that it was but one of many evanescent movements and had no hope of success in the Dominion. I have watched for its early demise. It refused to die and to-day, after some years of quiet, unobtrusive work, it is firmly rooted in the life of this Dominion." I place by the side of this a comment made to me early in my stay by a doctor who is a trusted leader in the Movement. "Toc H was such a poor, weak thing that it appealed to my instinct as a doctor and I simply had to stand by it." To men like him we owe the position Toc H holds in New Zealand to-day. H. L.

## THE ELDER BRETHREN

Charles Condon: Blackburn Branch

CHARLES CONDON was an original member of the Branch, which pays high tribute to the spirit in which he undertook his many jobs and to his fellowship, maintained in spite of long ill-health.

Frank Elon Dann : Hertford Branch

FRANK DANN, who passed over on October 19 at the age of 31, had just left Hertford on his appointment as a Police Court Missionary in Hatfield, where he had high hopes of building Toc H.

J. F. H. Burgess: Chairman, Prescot Group

"Busby" had been with the Group since its early days, and his sudden passing has

## BRETHREN

deprived them of a Chairman of tact and understanding which made him greatly loved.

W. Shove: Sutton-in-Ashfield Branch

"KNICKER," one-time Secretary of the Branch, died at Davos Dorf, Switzerland, on October 29. The Branch remembers gratefully one of their oldest and most active members.

Vivian Kettle: Nantwich Group

In VIVIAN KETTLE the Group loses its Secretary and youngest member. He joined the Elder Brethren, after an illness of only nine weeks, on November 5.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

Æ REX CALKIN is due home about February 4; 'GREENO' about February 22; Herbert Leggate probably a week later.

Æ Congratulations to LAUNCELOT and Mrs.

PRIDEAUX BRUNE (an early Warden of Mark I) on the birth of a son, Kenneth Edward.

Æ H. WATSON ('Bert') has left the service of Tower Hill Improvement.

## Miscellaneous Advertisements

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